

Diamond

Volume XXXI, Number 11

Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa

Thursday, April 7, 1988

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Jubilee Brass to be in concert

The Jubilee Brass Quintet, a student group in its second semester of existence, will perform a recital on Thursday, April 14, at 8:00 p.m. in the chapel. The concert will consist of Baroque pieces, brass arrangements used in worship, and a few lighter selections.

The members of the quintet are Mark Pennings, first trumpet; Jeff Alberts, second trumpet; Robin Pals, French horn; Evan Vis, baritone; and Steve

Mulder, tuba. They will be assisted in their recital by Vicki Hall on organ and Vickie De Witt as narrator.

The goals of the student ensemble are to study prominent brass quintet literature, improve individual playing skills, and experience the intensity of participating in a chamber group. The quintet normally rehearses three hours per week. Since Alberts is the only member graduating in May, Jubilee Brass hopes to continue playing as a group next year.

Besides participating in several chapel services, the group has performed in the choral and chamber orchestra Christmas concerts, at a special Christmas service at First CRC, and at "Sweets and Suites," a Valentine's Day social sponsored by the Sioux County Orchestra.

The quintet will play in chapel on April 14, giving the student body a "sneak preview" of their performance that evening. ♦

Cook to visit Dordt

by Sharon Pruim

Former professor of English at Dordt, Hugh Cook, will be returning to read from his critically acclaimed selection of short stories: *Cracked Wheat*. According to the *Toronto Globe*, "The strict forbidding spirit of John Calvin looms over this excellent collection of 10 stories set in Dutch Canada, reminding depraved mankind that it can achieve nothing without God." Cook will also preview his new novel.

Hugh Cook is a Dutch immigrant. He graduated from Calvin College and has earned both a Master of Arts from Simon Frazier University in Vancouver and Master of Fine Arts from the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop. Cook taught at Dordt for 12 years and presently teaches at Redeemer College in Hamilton, Ontario.

"He used to pack C-160," said Schaap. On Saturday, April 9, at 8:00 p.m., Dordt students will again have the opportunity to hear this dynamic reader in the New World Theatre. ♦



Hugh Cook

Calvin band performs at the chapel

by Alicia Nugteren
Staff Writer

The faces of the 48-member Calvin College Band on the Dordt Chapel stage Wednesday evening were not red due to embarrassment. They were an indication, rather, that the band members appreciated a break from the seemingly endless busrides of their spring concert tour.

The band left from Grand Rapids on April 1, making several stops in Minnesota and in Iowa. After performing in Fort Collins and Denver, Colorado, the band will return to their campus on Monday.

Directed by Dr. Derald De Young, the band put on a rousing concert which included the favorites "Bugler's Holiday" by Leroy Anderson and the "1812 Overture" by Peter

Tchaikovsky. The Dordt Concert Band joined Calvin's band for the final chorale arrangements of the hymns "O Sacred Head Now Wounded" and "Now Thank We All Our God."

This performance marks the first time ever that the Calvin and Dordt bands have played together. Dordt College Band Director Henry Duitman said that De Young had expressed interest in playing in the chapel and that the two directors decided to take advantage of the opportunity to play together. Duitman noted that the numbers were "easy to put together" and went well.

Prior to the concert, the bands joined together for a banquet. Although Calvin and Dordt are traditionally rivals, band members enjoyed getting to know each other better. ♦



RAUCUS RUCKUS ROCKS LIBRARY. Read all about it and lotsa other stuff on page three. (Photo by Clarke Huisman)

Choir tours Canada

by Ryan Hoekstra
News Editor

While most Dordt students packed for Kansas City and more southern areas of the country, Dordt's Concert Choir packed for their spring break tour to Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba.

Concert choir members worked hard, had fun, and did some sightseeing on the tour.

I thought it would be 'ride, sing a concert, and it's over with,'" said sophomore Dave Tebben. "But it was more of a 'buildup, concert, cool down.' It all turned into one experience."

The choir gave concerts in Conrad, MT; in Lacombe, Edmonton, Neerlandia, Calgary, and Lethbridge, Alberta; in Regina, Saskatchewan; in Winnipeg, Manitoba; and in Prinsburg, MN. Though some audiences were small, the choir praised the Lord with the audience at each concert.

"The people were very friendly and welcoming," commented accompanist Deb Visser, who felt the best part of tour was "the way we could touch the people through the music." Freshman Jeff Nibbelink agreed, adding that "there was a bond there because of the performance. They were glad to meet us."

The choir also gave four concerts to grade school and high school audiences.

During the long bus rides, choir members entertained themselves and each other with "radio shows" and

awards ceremonies, in which the past day's embarrassing moments are revealed to the entire choir. Nearly all choir members received awards for something they did during the tour.

Radio shows, presented over the chartered bus' public address system, consisted of various radio segments put together by members of the choir, including "Dr. Ruf" (a consultant for dog owners), "The McMillan Sisters' Cooking Show," and "Richard Slimmons' Aerobics."

The choir visited the world's largest shopping mall in Edmonton ("The roller coaster was the best," said Visser) and viewed the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies from the top of Sulphur Mountain, which required a hair-raising ascent by cable car. The choir also saw various Olympic sites in and near Calgary.

For Tebben, who had never been to Canada, "The scenery was the most beautiful I've ever seen in my life." Tebben's tour highlight was the choir singing for a small group of people in the Banff National Park mineral hot springs.

Sophomore Joy Kadyk summed up the tour experience when she spoke of her personal feelings for choir. "This year I learned a lot about myself. After spending all year practicing and singing, this is when we put it into action. I felt I was saying to the audience, 'let me take to you what I feel.'"

"I felt my message was to the Lord, not for myself or choir, and I hope people who heard the words were affected and blessed by that." ♦

editorials

Offering thoughts on choices

I sit in the coffee shop eating an apple and drinking hot chocolate. I don't really like either apples or hot chocolate, but somehow they're what I want now. No one's here but the two women employees ready to turn off the lights when I leave.

I look up and notice the bright red neon "polar yogurt" sign and realize that it has irritated me all year long. I've never seen anyone buy yogurt.

I'm getting close to the core of the apple already, and I wonder if I buy another if they'll leave me alone for a few more minutes. I have the money now anyway. I've been borrowing for a week or so even though I have had a large check in my wallet for even longer. I cashed it today and spending a buck makes me seem like a king.

One of the outdoor lights illumines the pavement which I can see through the glass from my table. If pavement can look warm, this pavement does. It

reminds me that spring has come, and I resent it. I adjust slowly to change, and the seasons are too quick for me. I wear my heavy black coat to spurn the 72 degree weather and when told to take it off by a passing friend, I say I'm wearing it in memory of Martin Luther King, Jr.—true to a point.

I sip some of my hot chocolate and look around again. How can these brick walls and ugly yellow chairs hold such good and bad memories? All those times where I went in, peered around, and saw no familiar faces and then uncomfortably walked back out. Then the better times when I knew enough people to be able to chose between tables of friends who I wanted to sit with. But tonight, once again, I am my own company.

I take a final bite out of the apple. I've been sitting here long enough for the apple white to start to yellow. I toss it into a garbage can fifteen feet

away. Swish. I haven't missed many of late. But it's not much of a feat to take consolation in.

Some of the lights in the far corner dim, and I glance up to see that both women are still talking to each other in quiet murmurs. Are the lights on timers? I'm not curious enough to find out.

The younger of the two women has gotten up and shuffled over to the counter. She wipes down the hot chocolate machine. I can't imagine who could have made the mess.

I pull out a Kleenex and blow my nose. I wish I could make that honking sound that my brother can. I caught this cold from my roommates when they came back from Texas with runny noses. During spring break, I stayed here and studied for the most part, also intending to build friendships as I would finally have more time. My plans didn't take others'

wishes fully into account, though, and I found that they didn't necessarily agree that my best intentions were also best for them.

I take a last swig of the hot chocolate and think that's it's not my choice how life turns out, and yet at the same time, it is.

The other woman has started to put the food away for the night, making loud noises that people do when they want you to leave. I like her anyway. I remember doing it at the bookstore where I worked last summer. Maybe they expect me to take the hint and leave of my own free will. But they should know better at a Calvinist college. They'll have to take me out kicking and screaming.

On second thought, I'm still a member of a Baptist church—I'll leave on my own initiative.

KLH

letters to the editor

Another letter

To the editor:

While I too greatly enjoyed most of the talent show, I cannot help but think that there is a connection between the responses of Kari De Raaf and Mr. and Mrs. Visscher to Angela Struyk's review. While they say they were "not offended by the unkind stereotypes," some people were. If *anyone* was offended, then such "entertainment" should not be permitted. When we make fun of a group of fellow humans we reduce them a bit and take away some of their humanity.

Racism and sexism are symptoms of a sickness in society, the result of pride in ourselves for somehow being superior to another group. We as Christians know that God created everyone—blacks, women, men, Vietnamese, Dutch, Canadians, Americans—*everyone* in his image. There are Christians of every nationality and if we ridicule them, we ridicule God himself. There is never an excuse to make any group of image-bearers of God feel embarrassed or hurt.

Lynda Moes

A lettre

Dear Reader:

I just wondre how come people know I'm Canadian. From the day I came to Sioux Center I have been asked every othre day whethre I am from Canada. My Mothre warned me that I'd better watch what I say, and covre my tracks or I would be sorry latre. My Fathre's helpre said it would be safre for me to keep my papre money in my lockre, because, you know, findres keepres, loosres weepres. You wondre what's happening in this world, eh!

Your reportre,
Mistre Petre Portre
Bakre's Comre,
Ontario

Strange Smells?

Remember the recent *Diamond* in which students reacted to the cooking smells coming from a Vietnamese apartment? When I read that, I felt rather uncomfortable with that reaction. Of course the smell was strange to their nostrils. And I can identify with that to some extent. Having been in several refugee homes, I have noticed that their homes smell different—not quite like our homes. And their foods don't exactly smell

like our home-cooking either. But the funny thing is that I have come to like those smells. And I think that the main reason I like the aroma of their foods and the smell of their homes is that these people are my friends.

When my nose tells me that I am with good friends, I feel comfortable and good. Why not try to be a friend to "strange" students? You will find that your attitude to them will become a positive one, too, and you will have

gained a friend. And you will probably come to like their smells and gain another small way of enjoying life. Wouldn't that be strange? No, that is the way it is supposed to be.

Dr. A. Mennega
Professor of Biology

Diamond

The *Diamond* is published by the students of Dordt College to present and discuss events on campus and beyond it. Any letters, comments or opinions are welcome. Contributions to the *Diamond* must be received by the Saturday before publication. Address contributions to:

Diamond
Dordt College
Sixth Center, Iowa 51250

The *Diamond* reserves the right to edit or refuse publication of any contribution.

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NOT-TOO-QUIET RIOT

by Merman Hellville
Stuff Writer

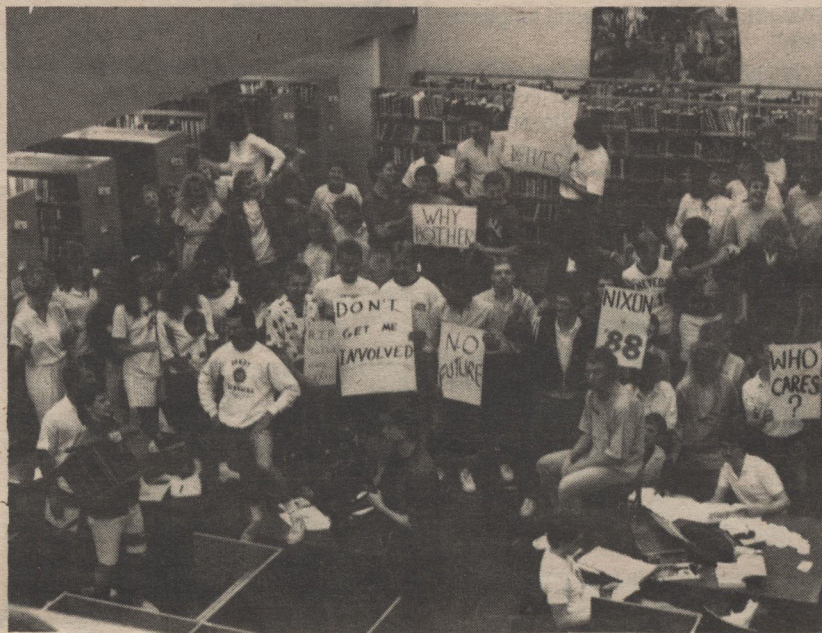
At about 10 PM last night, the Dordt Library was rocked by a violent riot that resulted in many injuries but fortunately, no deaths. An informed source was quoted as saying, "emotions had been building up since the beginning of the school year and erupted last night." No one claims to know who instigated last night's incident, but most fingers were pointing at known malcontent, Mike Hubers, who was noticeably absent from the proceedings. Students overturned furniture and displayed placards that stated their feelings on the whole matter, although the poster that most effectively summed up the feelings of the crowd was the one that read "Ethel Merman Lives!"

All known library rules were violated: people congregated together, talked out loud and had fun. While most participants remained remarkably well-behaved, some

grabbed Mrs Hulst and Mrs DeYoung dressed them as witches and threatened to burn them at the stake. Luckily the National Guard quelled the crowd before it got out of hand. Afterwards students were rushed to the emergency room at the hospital, suffering mostly from minor breaks and sprains. Most seriously hurt was Glen Tien, who was trampled by a contingent of disgruntled democrats because he was waving a "Nixon in '88" campaign poster.

A high library spokesperson said that last night's demonstration will definitely change the way the library is run. Starting next Monday armed guards and German Shepherds will patrol the library with orders to attack anyone who looks suspicious. Unfortunately, that means Iowans will be subject to attacks on a regular basis.

I'm sure that we can all learn a lesson from last night's altercation, but I'll be damned if I can think of one. ♦



Students mill about aimlessly as riot begins. (Photo by Clarke Huisman)



Herman Wever's Last Supper

WEVER WASTED

by Jeffrey Saucer
Stuff Writer

Following up on its new "get tough" policy, the Dordt Discipline Committee executed its first student today. Herman Wever, library disruptor and general pain in the keister, was executed by firing squad at dawn yesterday. This reporter attended Wever's last meal and asked him if he had any last words. "Get lost!" he said. The next morning his real last words were "OUCH! Oooh!

This hurts! Oooooohgerk... "

When asked to comment on the morning's proceedings, Marion Van Soelen, Dean of Students, said, "I think I shot a little low but Steph (East Hall R.D. Stephanie Wyatt) was right on the money. I'll practice and do better next time."

Response from the student body was surprisingly quiet, although an unnamed party did call the campus cop complaining of someone shooting off fireworks as the sun rose. ♦

New Job Search Method Found

by Staph Predator

The placement office has taken a new approach to its services in the past seventeen years. Careful statistical analysis has shown that Dordt students' jobs are more reflective of their work study than their actual majors.

According to the most recent placement office handbook (the one with a green cover), chemistry lab TA's usually find jobs in blue jean dying and hole-burning factories. Recent grad Burt "Slammin'" Slosh says, "Why be normal? I don't follow conventional dying methods. For the past few years, I've been dying slowly

by degrees: my fellow workers dip me slowly into the acid tank as I wear the jeans." Slosh has become a natural blond—at least were it counts—over the past two years. "I never could get a decent tan," he says.

Grounds workers at Dordt have two possible careers. The smarter ones become amusement park attendants for the "kiddie rides," often operating the heavy machinery (a microphone and a couple of buttons) for all those John Deere lookalikes that go in circles. The other 89 percent of grounds workers become bag ladies in

See Placement, page 2

Your Horrorscope For Today...

compiled by Sigmund Fraud

ARIES - Today you will wake up, breathe, eat some food, and then fall asleep at night.

TAURUS - Beware of new friends, business associates, and psychotic killers wielding chainsaws.

GEMINI - Stay in bed today. You deserve it.

CANCER - You will read your Horrorscope and wish you were a Capricorn.

LEO - Today would be a perfect day to tell an authority figure to kiss off.

VIRGO - Today would be a good day to kiss an authority's figure.

LIBRA - Something major or minor may or may not happen today or tomorrow.

SCORPIO - Watch out for things that could hurt you. Look both ways before crossing a familiar path.

SAGITTARIUS - At precisely 12:56 PM today you will see the love of your life. Grab him/her.

CAPRICORN - Today you will read your Horrorscope and wish you were a Cancer.

AQUARIUS - You will wonder about the future and your place in the world today.

PISCES - Why are you wasting time reading this drivel? Go out and do something productive!

Did you know?

Julie Peterson is a direct descendant of Zebulon Pike?

The hosts of the Sunday toga party were fined \$200?

Someone was actually seen sitting on the cement benches?

Kathy and Carl are promised?

Engineers only pretend to be smart?

'god' wears a hot pink bikini?

Wal-mart has musical training toilets for tots that play "How Dry I am"?

Apartment F 46 is growing fungus on tea?

The pictures in the front of last year's yearbook were taken at Dordt's surrogate campus?

Placement, from page 1

major metro areas, gleaning a living from beer, wine, and pop container deposits. Social deviant Melvin Bones says he tried to refund a few Oakland A's beer cups once, but they refused to take the used Athletics cups.

The placement office has yet to locate jobs for the many former workers in the Music Listening Lab. They simply didn't do anything while they were at Dordt.

Prof's assistants have traditionally found jobs as copy writers for obscure companies. Jane C. Snott writes bumper sticker copy for a playing card company. Her crowning achievements:

- I ♦ my German Shepherd
- I ♣ my Siamese cat

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For Sale: Bike that I 'borrowed' from East Campus bike rack. Call between 9 and 10 a.m. on Sundays.

Personals: Bruce Polson, where are you?

Who was Igbarum Juluku?

Students: For financial aid go to Helen Waite.

SERVE, from page 4

trajectories.

Bussema's Mass Psychology class will be retooled to provide cheerleaders and pep band members with the serviceable incite needed to stir crowds to fever pitch on a moment's notice.

Prospective team members will petition Vander Stelt and the PCSI Department to institute a class in the advanced logic of tic-tac-toe, the better to follow play diagrams in the locker room.

Circular reasoning, a two-dimensional variety of spherical thought which has always been spurned by advocates of critical

thinking, will now be spotlighted in Vander Kooi's classes on rhetoric.

Yes, these are stirring times! We are at a crucial juncture in Dordt's history. Until now basketball has held a subservient role at the college (even among some players!), but it is within our grasp to change all this and get our priorities curved around. Let us unite to inflate the All Sovereign Sphere to its proper elevation. The college has a golden opportunity to regain its true mission. Students and faculty, administrators and staff, join together to recognize the Orange Sphere's overarching supremacy! Let's make the time spent together at Dordt a real ball for all!

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GREEN BEING HAS REPORTER SEEING RED

by Hippo Crates

Neither the teachings of my parents nor years of church instruction prepared me for the truly hellish barbarousness I witnessed at the Sioux Falls Arena last Friday night. Kermit the Frog was giving a concert there and, remembering his early, wholesome days at *Sesame Street* and *The Muppet Show*, I bought two tickets — one for me and one for my six-year-old cousin. Now I consider myself a fairly strong-stomached individual (I can even watch a whole episode of *The Cosby Show* without tossing my cookies), but this proved too much.

Kermit was not the frog I remembered. Years of heroin addiction had reduced him to a frenzied, frightening frog. Gone were his friendly "Hi ho!" and cheery demeanor. Instead, the frog leaped about the skeleton-covered stage, long, limp arms flailing wildly, croaking out the lyrics to songs like "Come Down to My Pad, Devil

Woman" and "My Old Lady Croaked." The only quiet moment came when he sang a tender ballad written during what he called his "wimp years." The song was entitled "My Love is Ribbet-ted on You."

Kermit's special guest that night was Fozzie Bear, who until recently was sixth in line to replace Johnny Carson on NBC's *The Tonight Show*. Kermit had talked the Fozz into doing a human cannonball comedy routine while the band took a break between sets. Unfortunately, the cannon malfunctioned and ended up blowing the charred remains of the world's funniest bear into the upper tier of arena seats. My little cousin burst into tears. Neither popcorn nor candy was going to quiet him down so I paid a Hell's Angel to babysit him during the final hour of the concert.

Kermit and his band, the Warts, continued the concert as if nothing had happened. It was discovered later that Kermit himself had overloaded the explosive charge in the cannon,

causing the tragedy. In a post-concert press conference the green singer justified his actions by saying, "Hey, it was April Fool's."

For the night's encore, Kermit and his band came out dressed only in aluminum foil to sing their first big hit "I'm an Amphibian" and their now traditional closing anthem, "Mrs. Paul's Not Gonna Get Her Filthy Little

Hands On Me!"

After retrieving my little cousin from the Hell's Angel, we drove home. Dazed and confused, the little tike kept mumbling, "It's no fun being green" all the way home.

I think Kermit should be mashed into a bubbly pulp. Or given a Grammy award. Either one would be fine with me. ♦

CLAIM TO FAME

by May Den Form

The Dorky Fenders? No, the Dordt Defenders. A team like the Defenders deserves to come home to a place of some renown. Why not Sioux Center? "What better place could there be than Sioux Center for such an attraction?" said the chief official of the Sioux Center Department of Public Relations and Tourism Development (SCDPRTD).

The West Coast has the Pacific Ocean with its great waves and beautiful scenery, the East Coast has the Atlantic and Disney World, the South has its warm climate, but the Midwest has Dordt and an *almost* nationally famous basketball team. With the already increased traffic from Wal-Mart customers and diehard tourists, new businesses are inevitable.

According to Dordt's Dean of Students, Marion Van Soelen, a thirty-story statue of a Defender will be erected in the center of the Dordt campus. "The architect says it will be easy to devise this magnificent structure as soon as he figures out what one looks like," said Van Soelen.

The top story will include a look-out center where it will be possible to see

three states on a clear day. "Imagine being able to give tours of the Dordt Ag Center without leaving campus," said Brian Kooi, college recruiter.

Recruiter Mike Epema says there will be increased work-study jobs. Not only will there be souvenir shops where communication majors will be able to get their much desired experience in dealing with people, but also art majors will have the opportunity to devise a whole line of Defenderabilia.

An SCDPRTD representative says that with such plans as these it will be impossible to keep conscientious entrepreneurs out of Sioux Center. "With the publicity that Dordt will receive, we may soon find ourselves living in a city," said the director of SCDPRTD.

Residents have mixed reactions to the development plans. Some are concerned about the crime rate. "I can't imagine turning my car off while I go into the store," said one native Sioux Centerite. Others look forward to the economic benefits.

"Perhaps, the greatest benefit of all," said one student, "will be the fact that people won't laugh when you tell them you go to Dork...I mean Dordt!" ♦

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Then there was the "Women of USC" calendar

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Bright Lights, Big City in Sioux Center's Future? (Photo by Paul Vande Kamp)

sports

Serve-Us-A-Ball Inside

by John Van Calvin II, D.P.C.S.I.,
Professor of Hoopla

Dordt's current vision and its more recent heritage

Ah, refreshing spring! A time of southern pilgrimages and tournaments, of fast breaks and slam dunks. A time for renewed vitality and vigorous spring cleaning. A time to melt the crusts of distortion and rededicate ourselves to original commitments.

In keeping with the ebullient spirit of the season, I promptly and sincerely offer the college community the results of my arduous research into the source and true meaning of that perspective which gives Dordt its unique character and ultimate *raison d'être*.

Unfortunately, it turns out that the officially promulgated version housed in our statement of purpose has strayed from the narrow path laid out by our founding fathers. This might be cause for grave concern, but recent events seem to indicate that Dordt has once again begun to recognize its true educational calling and purpose.

I speak, of course, of the educational vision which some term the "reformational world-and-life view." The essence of this approach, according to some, can be distilled into the single phrase "serviceable insight." It will soon be apparent, however, that this is nothing but a phonetic secularization of the outlook of our spiritual forbears, whose slogan I have taken for this article's title.

The foundational pillars supporting our educational enterprise have often been identified by perspectivalists as the concepts of "sphere sovereignty" and "sphere universality." These concepts, it is said, can be traced back to father Abraham, the Dutch pastor and statesman, A. Kuyper.

These ideas, it is further claimed, received proper philosophical precision and poignancy in the later work of Kuyper's compatriots, D. Vollenhoven and H. Dooyeweerd, whose system of thought is known in English under the garrulous

appellation, "The Philosophy of the Cosmo-Nomic Idea."

Being fluent in philosophical Friesian, I recently discovered that this title is an inept translation of Dooyeweerd's own name for his philosophy. A more accurate rendering is "The Philosophy of the Cosmo-Spheric Idea" (PCSI). This philosophy has been roundly expounded in Dooyeweerd's multi-volume treatise, *The New Critique of Spherical Thought*.

How anyone could have been so far off the ball in interpreting the thought of these Dutch philosophers is almost beyond explanation. One only need know that H. ("Hoops") Dooyeweerd and D. ("Dunker") Vollenhoven were avid fans of The Game to realize that something is dreadfully amiss.

The catchy phrase of the PCSI, "being is meaning," is really a cryptic form of the slogan "being at The Game is meaning," as in the little known saying, "we be B-Ball fans," recently found in a long-lost manuscript moldering in Dooyeweerd's gym bag. Such a find calls for a radical reconstruction of the PCSI and its history.

The real roots of Dutch perspective

It is my thesis that the erroneous interpretation of PCSI current in North American scholastic circles is due to a false identification of Abraham Kuyper as the "arche" or origin of this philosophical outlook. The nationality is indeed correct, but not the person.

"Sphere sovereignty" and "sphere universality" are of Dutch ancestry, but they were first promoted by a more ancient Dutchman, one more pivotal than Kuyper—William of Orange. It is to his nearly forgotten ideas, then, that we must return if we are to recover our true heritage and understand our real mission.

Put plainly, Orange's philosophy was that life, like the cosmos overall (Aristotle be blessed), was composed of many spheres. Never one to be ruled by democratic passions, however, Orange denied that all these life-spheres were to be placed on a par



Putting academia through the hoops

with one another. One of them must be sovereign and dominate the rest. To this sphere is due supreme honor as the All Sovereign Sphere (crassly ridiculed by William's detractors by means of its unfortunate acronym).

This is without a doubt the true origin of the concept of "sphere sovereignty." The correlate notion of "sphere universality" simply meant for Orange that concern for the All Sovereign Sphere should be reflected in all other spheres, too, thus providing unity, coherence, and meaning for all areas of life.

Being rather egocentric, the prince decreed that the color of the All Sovereign Sphere should be orange. And so it has been ever since. The Orange Sphere has been given adoration and homage above all others, particularly among those of Dutch descent.

Mindful of our human frailty and infirmities, of the temptation to order life according to some principle other than the Sphere, the prince of Orange instituted the game of basketball, enabling his followers to live well-rounded lives.

William of Orange commanded that those equipped with the gifts of dribble, pass, and shoot be appointed to the office of Team Player and named Defenders of the True Faith; and that others endowed with flexibility and squeals be clad in short kilts with matching undergarments and be appointed leaders to help the people express their joy and cheerfulness.

Partial loss of ethnic identity and ideals

Upon coming to the new world, some Dutchmen stubbornly refused to persevere in the old way, preferring instead to adapt to the culture of those around them and adopt the American Way. This has been particularly true of certain hardened academics, who, it is no secret, are wont to consider themselves free-thinkers and progressives. Appropriating the All-American emphasis on intellectual achievement, they demonstrated

strong antipathy toward the sport of their homeland.

Among the *kleine leiden*, however, the heritage of the Orange Ball has never been totally lost. Many continue to place proper stress upon the game ordained to honor the Sphere, giving it their full allegiance. They gladly travel a day's journey into the wilderness to follow the team. They will warm the bleachers for hours on end with nary a complaint, thankful just for the opportunity to raise their voices in tribute to The Game and its Defenders. They will stand for more than a quarter hour at a stretch, craning their necks to follow every movement of the Orange Sphere.

Warm winds of change at Dordt

Fortunately, this grass roots enthusiasm seems to have stimulated a resurgence of devotion to the Sphere within the Dordt community as well. The recent edict establishing the priority of tourney-ball over pre-break classes, tests, and important appointments may presage a genuine thaw in favor of orthodoxy among administrators and academics.

The beneficial ripple effect this might have on Dordt's curriculum is exciting to contemplate. The PCSI will finally come into its own as an integrating force in all spheres of thought. Dordt will finally attain sufficient momentum to globalize the curriculum.

Schaap and Grotenhuis, with the assistance of Hodgson, will be commissioned to compose "The Music of the Spheres," to be sung and round us rung in place of the national anthem and the alma mater at all future ball games and graduations.

Students will flock to De Jong's bone-head geometry classes to learn more about the properties of the three-point semicircle and the construction of the circular hoop. Zwart and Jongsma will be inundated by curious fans wishing to learn more about the physics and calculus of parabolic

SERVE, continued on page 2

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opinion

Don't Play it Again, Sam

by Preston Zwart
Staff Writer

For the past year, you faithful Diamond readers have read my opinions and reactions to new recordings released throughout the year. Today, though, I don't have a review of a record as such, but rather of a disturbing trend I see in music today: the remake.

First of all, I want to make a distinction between the types of remakes. Sometimes an artist or group will perform a song written by someone else in order to pay tribute to that original artist. When bands like Heart or Van Halen perform Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" in concert, it is done as a celebration of Led Zeppelin and the music that band created. Or when George Thorogood performs an old Chuck Berry tune, I believe he is doing it out of respect and admiration for that legendary guitarist.

Other times, an artist or group will perform another person's songs in order to give that other individual increased recognition and exposure.

Elvis Costello was virtually unheard of until Linda Ronstadt brought him to the world's attention by recording some of his songs on her albums. In the same way, no one outside of Jamaica had heard of Bob Marley until Eric Clapton introduced him to us via his own recording of "I Shot the Sheriff." Early Rolling Stones albums included songs by black bluesmen unknown to the Stones' mostly white audiences. These are remakes I can live with.

The remakes that are really getting on my nerves are the ones that are done by performers who only seem to want to cash in on a good song. The song has already proven itself to be popular so its commercial success is virtually guaranteed. This type of thinking gives us Michael Bolton's version of Otis Redding's "Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay," Natalie Cole's "Pink Cadillac" (originally done by Bruce Springsteen) and Tiffany, a two time offender, who gives us "I Think We're Alone Now" (Tommy James and the Shondelles) and "I Saw Her Standing There" (the Beatles). Oh

sure, maybe these songs are a bit different now, with a word or two changed and maybe a programmed drum machine thrown in so the kids on *American Bandstand* can dance to it more easily—but I can see no motive here except just to make some money by re-recording old songs.

A big problem lies in the fact that the majority of the record-buying public is youthful (mostly high school age or lower) and they don't recognize these songs as being remakes of earlier (better?) versions. To those who recognize or remember the original, these new versions amount to a form of slander. Perhaps the most unforgivable incident of this sin happened about a year ago. A remake of "Stairway to Heaven" was released by some of the guys from Toto who had nothing better to do. As if the sacrilege of tampering with what is considered to be the best rock song ever written wasn't enough, these guys had the audacity to add a chorus of female backup singers and a drum machine. I was so filled with righteous indignation when I heard

this perversion of Led Zeppelin's original song, I tried calling KG95 to give them a piece of my ticked-off mind. Unfortunately (maybe fortunately) they didn't answer their phone in the 30-minute period of time I tried to reach out and touch them.

The trend of cashing in on established songs is one that I can see only getting worse unless the people who listen to this music are informed enough to know when they're getting ripped off. "What's next?" I ask myself. The Bee Gees doing their own version of the Doors' "Hello, I Love You"? The Pet Shop Boys redoing Pink Floyd's "Money"? How about Samantha Fox doing "Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)" by the Rolling Stones? Sounds unlikely? Too late, she's already done it.

When you buy one of these "doin' it for the money" remakes, you deny yourself the experience of hearing the more artistically sincere original and you line the pockets of the performer that is taking advantage of you and the artist or artists who originally did the song. That makes me mad. ♦

Dr. King's Dream and the Dordt Community

by Chuck Adams
Sports Editor

April 4, 1968 is one of the days that stands out in American history. On that day a man with a dream, Martin Luther King, was shot to death in Memphis. America has commemorated Dr. King by making his birthday a national holiday. Although not everyone agrees with everything Dr. King said and did, his dream for America is a dream that we as Christians can identify with.

Dr. King's dream was a dream for justice, a dream for freedom. When Christians pray to God for justice, we are praying for the dream of Dr. King. We pray for an end to racial discrimination, an end to economic injustice, an end to paternalism toward minorities, an end to war, an end to violence in America. When we pray for America, let us pray for the day "this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.'"

We here at Dordt can insure that the day King speaks of will come. By simply thinking a little from the perspective of an American minority, we can better understand his or her perspective. Doing something like going on PLIA will expose you to the culture of a minority. Spend a day in Winnebago, Nebraska, and speak with various people there. Or even just sit down at lunchtime with one of the Southeast Asian students at Dordt and talk. You can learn a great deal just by talking about any subject. A little open-minded friendliness can go a long way.

One final thought—why does Dordt have so few minority students? The majority of Dordt's minority students are non-American. Dordt needs to work harder to recruit students from Black, Korean-American, Native

American, and Hispanic backgrounds. Black students I have met who attend Calvin have confided in me that they picked Calvin because it didn't seem so conservative and closed to "outsiders." This is unfortunate.

Those of us who pride ourselves on being progressive and open-minded (hopefully most of the people on campus) should work to end that image of Dordt. This image could also be dented by the enrollment of a

few minority students. The addition of a few more minority students would be beneficial to the Dordt community, and better equip all of us to make Dr. King's dream come true in our lifetime. ♦

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sports

Defenders cap season with two wins in K.C.

by Steve Hoogland
Sports Writer

The Dordt College Defenders finished their best season ever in the quarterfinals of the National NAIA men's basketball tournament with a 25-5 record. They staged exciting victories over the tenth and seventh seeds in the tournament before bowing to the second seed for the right to be in the NAIA Final Four.

Wednesday, March 16, the day before spring break was scheduled to begin, many Dordt students found themselves dodging tests and skipping classes, bound for Kansas City for the Defenders' match with the Mobile (Alabama) College Rams at Kemper Arena. The Rams were the tenth seed and had a 31-2 mark entering the 32-team field. In the early minutes the Defenders came out playing some of their best basketball of the year. After six minutes they had a 16-8 lead, and by the 10:00 mark they had a 26-14 lead. At the 7 minute mark Greg Van Soelen scored his 20th point as the Defenders rolled to a 46-29 lead at the half.

The second half saw Dordt cool off just a bit as the Rams narrowed the gap to 60-46 with ten minutes remaining. But the Defenders scored the next seven points for a 21-point lead. Dordt survived one last Mobile

College run that narrowed the lead to 12, but from there the Defenders took over and won 86-71.

For the game, Dordt hit 31 of 44 shots from the field for 71 percent. Van Soelen led the way offensively with 37 points and was 14 of 16 from the field. He also garnered 12 rebounds, giving Dordt a 31-27 rebounding edge. Other leading scorers for Dordt had Kevin Veenstra with 12, Kevin Gesink 11, Jerry Boer and Steve Vermeer each scored 10 points as the Defenders found themselves with a day to prepare for Friday morning's game.

Dordt's opponent in the 9:15 game Friday morning was the McKendree College Bearcats. This Chicago team had a 30-1 record entering the second round game. Dordt and McKendree played evenly for the first ten minutes as Dordt battled to a 25-24 lead. In the final minutes of the first half things seemed to fall apart for Dordt. They found themselves down by thirteen points with seven minutes left in the half, but they did mount a last minute rally and were only down by three at the half by a 49-46 count.

The Defenders played an amazing second half. Following a Bearcat field goal, Dordt answered with two of their own. Dordt forced a poor shot, grabbed the rebound, and Van Soelen

found a seam in the McKendree zone and slammed Dordt to a 52-51 lead, their first since early in the game. Then several minutes later with the score tied 68-68 Jay Woudstra popped a 3-point field goal. Seconds later Boer hit another, and the Defenders never relinquished their lead. The final score was 86-79, Dordt outscoring their opponents 40-30 in the second half.

Dordt's front court led the way with the first 44 points. Van Soelen snared 11 rebounds and hit 15 of 18 shots from the floor for a season-high 42 points. Vermeer, and Veenstra scored 17 and 14 points, respectively.

Dordt's victory did more than just send them to the quarterfinals on Saturday, it gave them some notoriety. One paper called the Defenders "the Cinderella Darlings of this year's tournament." *The Kansas City Times* ran a Saturday sports feature entitled "What is a Dordt?"

The Defenders' opponent in the quarterfinals was Waynesburg College of Pennsylvania, claiming a 31-1 record. Some 3,000 Dordt fans greeted the Defenders as they went for a third straight upset. The Yellow Jackets established a 20-15 lead in the first twelve minutes of the half, but they turned up the heat, taking a 36-26 lead to the locker room. Dordt

struggled, shooting only 30 percent, and they knew only a brilliant second half would prevent their elimination. In the first six minutes of the second half, the Defenders narrowed the lead to 45-39, but the Yellow Jackets went on to a 15-3 run to take Dordt out of the game. Dordt wound up losing by a 87-66 score. Van Soelen was the only Defender with 10 or more points, as he scored 33 in the losing effort.

All was not lost for Dordt, though. The Dordt team and fans came home with the Sportsmanship award. In addition, Van Soelen made the All-tournament team with 112 points and was 40-53 in field goal attempts in the Nationals. He was also named NAIA All-American for the third straight year. His sophomore season he was on the second team; the past two seasons he has been on the first team. He leaves Dordt with school records: most points in a game with 55, in a season with 901, and in a career with 3,105. Those 3,105 points rank him second all-time among Iowa college players behind only Mario Galvez, a 1986 graduate of Briar Cliff. Van Soelen also holds the season and career rebounding records. Gesink leaves Dordt with the season and career assist records, and Vermeer leaves as the twelfth member of the 1,000 point club.

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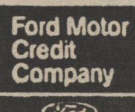
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